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## Biographical Memoir

OF THE

### RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING, M.P.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, &c. &c. &c.

A WRITER, whose deep insight into the human character was never surpassed, has divided the means of acquiring eminence or distinction into three branches. Some men, he says, are born great; others achieve greatness, and some have it thrust upon them. If we were to point out to whom ~~the~~ the subject of our memoir belongs, we should unhesitatingly say the second, since the distinguished offices he has held, and which he now holds, were neither hereditary nor thrust upon him, but solely achieved by his talents. It is true that Mr. Canning was of a respectable family, and that he enjoyed the benefit of an education at Eton College and Oxford University; but still, neither the fortune nor connections of his family were such as to give him hope of success in public life, except by the mere dint of his own genius.

It is the proud boast and privilege of an Englishman that, while in most countries, honours and rewards are almost exclusively confined to those who have the adventitious circumstance of birth to recommend them; here the cottage and the castle furnish candidates for the first offices which the sovereign of a free people has to bestow. The mother in her wretched hovel, while nursing her infant son, may view him with an honest pride, and indulge in no idle dream of his future greatness, conscious that if he possesses energy and talents, the road to fame and fortune is open to him, and he may aspire to that station in life which shall make him not only the confidential servant of the state, but the companion of peers, and even princes.

The great number and excellence of our public schools are a first step towards success, and the system of equality, which, in general, is maintained at them, to the exclusion of titles of distinction, is another great advantage, and aids the formation of those friendships which are often valuable and lasting. It is fre-

quently from the companions of his early studies that the ingenuous youth selects his future friends. It is at our public schools and universities that the young nobleman discovers the favoured client of a future day in his present companion: the embryo clergyman or lawyer frequently finds a patron in a school-fellow; and it is well known, that from the intimacy of a college life, an habitual intercourse has frequently originated, which has led to the attainment of the first honours, of the bar, the pulpit, and the senate.

That Mr. Canning, in some degree, profited by these circumstances is more than probable, though his talents are of too commanding an order to have long been neglected, even without the aid of private friendship, to bring them into use. If, however, Mr. Canning was neither indebted to his ancestors' title or fortune, he is the heir to hereditary talent. His father, George Canning, Esq., was descended from a respectable family in Ireland. Having displeased his parents by an early marriage with a young lady without fortune, but beautiful and accomplished, he left his native country for London, where he lived on an allowance by his father of not more than £150 a year. Mr. Canning thus circumstanced entered himself in the society of the middle temple, but died a short time after he had been called to the bar, and before he had any opportunity of distinguishing himself, which there was no doubt he would have done, as he was a gentleman of considerable literary attainments. "He was," says one of his biographers, the author of "several excellent tracts in favour of public liberty;" but he is better known as a poet than a politician. It was the figure of the present distinguished statesman and statesman that wrote the verses supposed, by a poetical license, to have been written by Lord Willoughby, addressed to Lord William Cavendish, on the night preced-

ing his execution. This epistle, which is dated from Newgate, on the night of Friday, July 20, 1683, thus commences:—

“ *Low to the world, to-morrow doomed to die,  
Still for my country’s weal my heart beats high.  
Though rattling chains ring peals of horror round,  
While night’s black shades augment the savage sound.*  
‘Midst boils and bars the active soul is free,  
And flies, unfetter’d, Cavendish, to thee!

“ *Thou dear companion of my better days,  
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;  
When leagu’d with patriots we maintain’d the cause*

“ *Of true religion, liberty, and laws,  
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,  
But bravely stemm’d corruption’s rapid tide;  
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,  
Or melt thy gen’rous soul with tales of woe.  
No; view me firm, unshaken, undismay’d,  
And when the welcome mandate I obey’d,  
Heav’n with what pride that moment I re-*

“ *call!  
Who would not wish, so honour’d, thus to fall?  
When England’s genius hovering over inspired,  
Her chosen sons, with love of freedom fir’d,  
Spoke of an object, sev’le, pension’d train,  
Mildness of power, and worshippers of gain,  
To come from history its destin’d prey,  
And shun three anxious from tyrannic sway.*

The parting address to Lady Rachel Russell is quite characteristic of that conjugal affection which is known to have been so dearly cherished by this illustrious but highly accomplished pair.

“ *My lov’d Rachel! all-accomplish’d fair!  
Sister of my joy, and soother of my care!  
Whose heavenly virtues and unfading charms,  
Have blest, through happy years, my peaceful*

“ *Parting with thee, into my cup was thrown  
Ishonest drops, else had not forc’d a groan!  
But all is o’er—these eyes have gas’d their last—  
And now the bitterness of death is past.*

Mr. Canning also wrote several other fugitive pieces of considerable merit, and died on the 11th of April, 1771, soon after the birth of his son, the subject of the present memoir. Mr. Canning was interred in Mary-le-Bone’s new burying ground, and on his tomb is the following inscription by his widow:—

“ *They virtue and my woe no words can  
tell;  
Therefore a little while, my George, fare  
well!  
For faith and love like ours, Heaven has  
Its last, best gift—to meet and part no  
more.*

The care of young Canning’s education devolved on an uncle, a respectable merchant in London, by whom he was sent to Eton. Here his progress was so rapid as to obtain him a distinguished rank among his contemporaries; and at the age of fifteen, we find him one of the senior scholars. This period, which may justly be considered as the Augustan age of Eton, was distinguished by one very remarkable circumstance, that of publish-

ing a literary periodical work, supported almost exclusively by the talents of the scholars: this was the *Microcosm*; the first number of which appeared on the 6th of November, 1786; and it continued to be published in weekly numbers until the 30th of July, 1787. The second number was written by Mr. Canning, then only fifteen years of age; he wrote twelve papers in all, principally of a humorous or satirical cast, as will be seen by the extracts which we subjoin. The work was altogether highly creditable to young men of fifteen or sixteen years of age, both as to the talents with which it was conducted, and to the degree of application required amidst the seductions of juvenile amusements on one hand, and the laborious duties enforced in a public school on the other.

From Eton Mr. Canning proceeded to Oxford, and was entered of Christ Church College, whether his name for talents had preceded him; during his residence in this eminent college he was distinguished for his attention to his studies, and for the classic elegance and vigour of his Latin productions. Mr. Canning was not of a disposition to indulge in academic repose, would his income have permitted it; his talents had already pointed him out as a senator, and on repairing to London he entered one of the inns of court, and was a member of an institution in Bond Street, formed for the purpose of acquiring a facility of public speaking by discussion: nor did he neglect to mingle with the world while thus cultivating the graces of oratory; he renewed his acquaintance with the young men with whom he had studied at Eton and Oxford, and became acquainted with Sheridan and Fox at the table of his uncle, who was one of the most strenuous friends of Mr. Wilkes.

In 1793, Mr. Canning entered on a new field worthy of his talents and exertions; it was in this year that he entered parliament, Sir Richard Worley having vacated his seat for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, for the purpose of making room for him. No sooner had he taken his seat in the House of Commons than it was expected he should take part in the debates. Mr. Sheridan had made known his precocious talents, or rather stated them to the House, for they were no secret either within or without its walls, and no opportunity was neglected in order to draw him forth; it was not, however, until the 31st of January, 1794, that Mr. Canning made his maiden speech. The subject of discussion was the treaty between his Britannic Majesty and the king of Sardinia. In this speech

he boldly vindicated the war in which this country was then engaged, and concluded with declaring, that considering the treaty as an essential part of an extensive system for bringing the war to a fortunate conclusion, it should have his support:—

From this period Mr. Canning took a part in almost every debate of any importance, and the administration of that day was much indebted to him for his support. On the third reading of the bill for vesting new powers in the government on the 17th of May, 1794, Mr. Canning entered the list against Mr. (now Earl) Grey, who found him a powerful opponent.

Mr. Canning had by this time been appointed one of the joint secretaries of state under Lord Grenville; and on the dissolution of parliament, he was returned for Wendover. He continued to support the administration of Pitt, and distinguished himself by his hostility to the slave trade. On the discussion of that subject, on the 1st of March, 1797, Mr. Canning combated the horrid traffic with all the zeal and talents of his powerful mind. After dissecting with great acuteness the arguments of the members who were in favour of the slave trade, and shewing their fallacy, he thus described the base traffic.

“What is the case with the slave trade? Was it in its outset only that it had any thing of violence, of injustice, or of oppression? Were the wounds which Africa felt in the first conflict healed, or were they fresh and green as at the moment when the first slave ship began its ravages upon the coast? Were the oppressors and the oppressed so reconciled to each other that no trace of enmity remained? Or was it in treason, or in common sense, to claim a prescriptive right, not to the fruits of an ancient and forgotten crime, committed long ago, and traceable only in its consequences, but to a series of new violence; to a chain of fresh enormities, to cruelties not confined but repeated, and of which every individual instance, inflicted a fresh calamity, and constituted a fresh, a separate and substantive crime.”

Mr. Canning was now considered an able debater, and there was, perhaps, no member of the house, Mr. Pitt excepted, who so often came in collision with the powerful opposition of that period. On the resignation of Mr. Pitt, and the dissolution of his administration, Mr. Canning retired from office; but, although he disapproved of the treaty of Amiens, he neither spoke nor voted on its discussion. At a future period, however, he assailed Addington’s administration with

great force, and by a succession of spirited attacks, he threw such odium on it as mainly contributed to its overthrow. It was in such bold terms as these that he arraigned the minister and his adherents:—

“ Away with the cast of measures, not men! the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along. No, sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, *men* are every thing; measures, comparatively nothing. I speak of times of difficulty and dangers, when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is that not to that or this measure, however prudently devised, however blameless in execution, but to the energy and character of individuals, a state must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall, in proportion as they are upheld, not by well-meant endeavours, laudable though they may be, but by commanding, over-awing talents; by able men.”

“ I do think that this is the time when the administration of the government ought to be in the ablest and fittest hands. I do not think that the hands in which it is now placed, answer to that description. I do not pretend to conceal in what quarter I think that fitness most evidently resides.”

An honourable baronet having remarked, that “ those only wished to displace the ministers who look for power, or emoluments, or honours, from their removal,” Mr. Canning, in a happy vein of irony, retorted the imputation on the baronet; but gravely admonished him in the words of Virgil:

“ *Litus asa; altum ali teneant.*”

“ Keep thou close to the shore; let others venture on the deep.”

On the resignation of Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt re-assumed the reins of government, and Mr. Canning succeeded Mr. Tierney as Treasurer of the Navy, and was at the same time honoured with a seat at the Council Board. Mr. Pitt found him a powerful ally; and during his absence from power, was much indebted to the friendship of Mr. Canning for writing a song for the anniversary of the ex-premier’s birth-day on the 20th of May, 1802, “ The Pilot that weathers the storm,” which became exceedingly popular. A statesman of Mr. Canning’s talents could not long be confined to the drudgery of an under secretaryship, and he was appointed principal secretary of state for foreign affairs.

It was while in this situation, and when

the late Marquis of Londonderry (then Lord Castlereagh) held the office of secretary of state in the colony and war department, that a disagreement took place between them, which terminated in a duel. The challenge was given by his Lordship, and accepted by Mr. Canning; and at six o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of September, 1800, the parties met near the telegraph, Putney heath. Lord Castlereagh was attended by the present Marquis of Hertford, and Mr. Canning by Mr. Ellis. After taking their ground, they fired by signal, and missed; but no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Mr. Canning received his adversary's ball in his thigh: he did not fall from the wound, nor was it known by the seconds that he was wounded, and both parties stood ready to give or receive further satisfaction, when Mr. Ellis perceiving blood on Mr. Canning's leg, the seconds interfered. Mr. Canning was conveyed to his house, Gloucester Lodge, at Brompton, where he was for some time confined; but as the bone of the thigh was not fractured, he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee on the 11th of October, and resign his seals of office, as did Lord Castlereagh also; and it is said his late Majesty expressed his strong disapprobation of ministers settling cabinet disputes by the pistol. Much difference of opinion prevailed on this dispute, and the friends of each party put forth a statement of the circumstances, without ever clearing up the subject; and it is difficult to believe that both were not in some degree to blame.]

Mr. Canning was afterwards appointed ambassador to Lisbon; and he has since been president of the India Board, a situation in which he displayed so intimate an acquaintance with the affairs of Hindostan, and the nature of our power there, as led to his appointment to the governor-generalship of India. This was on the 16th of March, 1822, and he was just on the point of quitting England to assume his important trust, when a vacancy occurred in the British cabinet by the death of the Marquis of Londonderry. Public opinion at once fixed on Mr. Canning as his successor; but whether he hesitated in taking the appointment, or some negotiations were entered into for a more extended change in the administration, or the measures of government, seems doubtful; however, on the 17th of September, 1822, he took the oaths and received the seals of office as secretary of state for foreign affairs, which office he now fills with so much honour to himself and advantage to his country.

Our is a literary work, and we depre-

cate politics; but, if peace at home and abroad, an increasing revenue and a reduction of taxes, commercial prosperity and increasing manufacture are signs of good government, (and we know no better test,) then must the administration, of which Mr. Canning is so distinguished a member, be considered fully entitled to that public confidence which it possesses, and to all the popularity it enjoys.

As a statesman, Mr. Canning displays views at once liberal and profound. As an orator, his speeches have long been distinguished for their purity of language and bursts of extemporeaneous energy; while his vast command of metaphor, which he never uses ingenuously or without effect, frequently mingles all parties in one common admiration. Lord Byron, whose opposite politics prevent all suspicion of an undue bias in favour of Mr. Canning, has in more than one of his works paid the highest compliment to him. "Canning," said he, "is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman;" and in one of his Lordship's latest poems, speaking of the British administration, he thus notices the subject of this *moi*—

• Yet something may remain, perchance, to rhyme  
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;  
Even this thy genius, Canning! may permit;  
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,  
And never, even in that dull home, could frame  
To unfeigned press thine own poetic name;  
Our last, our best, our only Oracle,  
Ev'n I can praise thee.

"As an author," says a recent writer, "Mr. Canning will not probably reap his full measure of fame in his life-time; for, with the exception of his juvenile efforts in "The Microcosm," and his political satires in the "Anti-jacobin," he has furnished few opportunities of identifying him. The satires of Mr. Canning are now only considered as brilliant effusions of wit and humour; but when they first appeared, they possessed considerable political importance; and while they rendered a few grave politicians extremely ridiculous, they combated with great force a mere formidable enemy—French jacobinism."

Mr. Canning married a daughter of the late General Scott, by whom he has had several daughters and a son, a promising youth, who died about four years ago, and to whose memory he inscribed a beautiful epitaph. In all the relations of domestic life Mr. Canning is allowed to be one of the most amiable of men: in

"Political Works of the Right Hon. George Canning, comprising the whole of his *Statesman*, *Statesman*, *Speaker* &c to speak of

person he is tall and well made, his step quick and firm, his voice harmonious, his utterance quick but distinct, his emphasis strong without effort; and, as a contemporary writer well observes, "he has a set of features, every one of which performs its part in telling what is passing in his mind;" his habits of sobriety give him vigour, and in all probability will give him long life. The portrait we present of this distinguished individual is an admirable likeness, and will convey a better idea of him than the most laboured description.

We have already alluded to the literary attainments, as well as splendid eloquence, of Mr. Canning; and it is much to be regretted, that of the former he has given the world so few specimens in mature life; since even while a school-boy he gave the highest promise, both as a poet and an essayist. It may, however, be sufficient for his literary fame to state, that the work to which his juvenile efforts were contributed, is deemed worthy of being incorporated with the British Essays. And placed on the same shelf with the productions of Addison, Swift, Steele, and Johnson.

Leaving, then, the political character of Mr. Canning to be duly estimated by those who have been attentive to the proceedings of the British Government, during the period that he has been a prominent member of the administration, we proceed to give a few extracts from his writings. It is not necessary to state, by way of apology, that the articles from which the following are extracts, were written when Mr. Canning was only about sixteen years of age, since they would do honour to maturity. Our first extract we shall entitle—

#### THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE ART OF WEAVING AND POETRY.

"THERE are in Turkey a body of men, against whom universal contempt is indiscriminately, as well as undeservedly directed; and these are the worshipful company of grocers. Inasmuch, that should any member of a noble family have disgraced himself and his connections, by living a life of tranquillity, or, what is worse, dying in his bed—that is, a natural death, his name is never pronounced by his relations but with disapprobation and disgust; and his memory is consigned to infamy, for having, as they say, lived and died like a rascal, or a dog."

"The person who bears not the honour to address you, is a member of a community, who, by the courtesy of England, are like the rascals of Turkey, collectively

involved in the most indiscriminate ridicule, the most comprehensive contempt; I say collectively, sir, because, individually, we are allowed to have no existence; the wicked wagery of the world, judging nine weavers and nine tailors requisite to the formation of a man. Yes, sir, to so high a pitch have they carried the respect in which these professions are held, that in the eyes of 'the many' (as the poet calls them), to address a man by the appellation either of a weaver or tailor, implies not only, as formerly, a reflection on his horsemanship, but on his personal courage, and even his personal existence.

"I, sir, am a weaver; I feel for the injured dignity of my profession; and since, thanks to my own genius, and two years and a half of education at an academy on Tower-hill, I have a very decent acquaintance with the classics; that is, I know them all by name, and can tell Greek when I see it, any day in the week; and since, as far as Shakespeare's plays and the Monthly Magazines go, I have a very pretty share of English book-learning; from these considerations, Mr. Griffin, I think myself qualified to contend, not for the utility and respectability only, but for the honour of the art of weaving. Tailoring, as it is secondary to weaving, will of course partake of the fruits of my labours: as in asserting the dignity of the one, I maintain the credit of the other."

"To this end, Mr. Griffin, I shall not appeal to the candour of my readers, but shall provoke their judgment: I shall not solicit their indulgence, but by the force of demonstration will claim their assent to my opinion.

"Poetry, sir, is universally allowed to be the first and noblest of the arts and sciences; insomuch, that it is the opinion of critics, that an epic poem is the greatest work the human mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If then I can prove, that the art of weaving is in any degree analogous to the art of poetry; if this analogy has been allowed by the whole tribe of critics! so far, that in speaking of the latter they have used the terms of the former, and have passed judgment on the works of the poet in the language of the manufacturer; nay, if Poetry herself had condescended to imitate the expressions, and to adopt the technical terms into her own vocabulary; then may I surely hope, that the sanction of criticism may challenge the respect and the flattery of poetry (for imitation is the highest degree of flattery) may claim the consideration of mankind."

"First then with regard to criticism;

to select a few examples from a multitude of others, are we not entertained in the works of Longinus and the Gentleman's Magazine, with delectable dissertations on the weaving of plots and the interweaving of aphrodita? Are we not continually informed, that the author unveils the web of his intrigue, or breaks the shroud of his narration? Besides these, a friend of mine, a great etymologist, has assured me, that Bombast and Bombazine originally sprang from the same root; and fustian, every body knows, is a term applied indifferently to passages in poetry, or materials for a pair of breeches. So similar is considered the skill employed in the texture of the epic poem and a piece of broad cloth: so parallel the qualifications requisite to throw the shuttle and guide the pen. *Ita*—“I was not a little pleased the other day to find, in the critique of one of the most eminent writers of the present day, the works of a favourite poet styled a *Tissus*. An idea then occurred to me, suggested perhaps by my partiality for my profession, which I am not without some faint hope of one day seeing accomplished.”

“By a little labour and ingenuity, it might surely be discovered, that the works of different authors bear a considerable affinity (like this of the *Tissus*) to the different productions of the loom. Thus, to enumerate a few instances, without any regard to chronological order, might not the flowery smoothness of Pope be aptly enough compared to flowered satin?— Might not the compositions of all the poets laureate, ancient and modern, very properly be termed *Princes Stuff*! And who would dispute the title of Homer, to Everlasting! For Shakespeare, indeed, I am at a loss for a comparison, unless I should liken him to those shot silks, which vary the brightness of their hues into a multitude of different lights and shades. And would orthography allow of the pun, I might say, that there are few poets but would be proud to be thought worthy of the green baize.”

“For proof of the use which poetry makes of the weaver's dictionary, vide ten thousand Odes on Spring; where you may catch the fragrance of the damask rose; listen to the rustling of the silken foliage; or lie extended with a listless languor, pillowing your head upon the velvet mead; to say nothing of Nature's loom, which is set to work regularly on the first of May, to weave variegated carpets for the low land landscape. Now, Mr. Griffin, these similitudes, though very pretty and very *à propos*, I own I am not perfectly satisfied with. The

Genoese certainly excel us in the articles of velvets, and the French silks are by many people far preferred for elegance to any of English manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Griffin, if these allusions would not be much more delightful to British ears, if they tended to promote such manufactures as are more peculiarly our own. The Georgics of Virgil, let me tell you, sir, have been suspected by some people, to have been written with a political, as well as poetical view; for the purpose of converting the victorious spirits of the Roman soldiery from the love of war, and the severity of military hardships to the milder occupations of peace, and the more profitable employments of agriculture. Surely, equally successful would be the endeavours of our poets, if they would boldly extirpate from their writings every species of foreign manufacture, and adopt, in their stead, materials from the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely, we have a variety which would suit all subjects and all descriptions;—not do I despair, if this letter has the desired effect, but I shall presently see landscapes beautifully diversified with (all due deference being paid to alliteration) plains of plush, pastures of poplin, down of dimity, vallies of velvet, and meadows of Manchester. How gloriously novel would this be; how patriotically poetical an innovation; which nothing but bigoted prejudice could object to, nothing but disaffection to the interests of the country could disapprove.”

We believe it cannot be denied, that since the accession of Mr. Canning to the British Cabinet, a more friendly disposition towards the Greeks has been manifested by the British Government, than during the time of his predecessor,—and that, too, without infringing on those principles of neutrality, which our relations with Turkey, as well as the law of nations, renders it an impulsive duty to respect.

Mr. Canning's partiality to Greece, and wishes for Grecian liberty, are not of recent adoption; they were manifested while at Elion, in the following beautiful Poem on the Capture of the Ionian Islands.

#### THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

“UNIVALL'D Greece! thou ever honour'd name,  
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!  
Though now to worth, to honour all subsumed,  
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories down,  
Yet still shall memory with reverent eye  
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.  
Thou freedom cherish'd once with fondling hand,  
And breath'd undaunted valour through the land.  
Here the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,  
The child of poverty, inspir'd to will,  
Here liv'd by Pallas and the sacred nine,  
Once did fair Athens' low'ring glories shine.

To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,  
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,  
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,  
The conqu'ring standard's glittering glories rear,  
And join the sounding battle's loud career.  
How shill'd the Greeks, confess what Persians  
stain!

Were strew'd on Marathon's commanding plain;  
When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,  
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell,  
What millions bold Leonidas withheld,  
A self-sealed the Greeks' freedom with his blood;  
Witness Thermopylae! how fierce he strode,  
How spoke a Hero, and how moved a God!  
The rush of nations could alone sustain,  
While half the ravaged globe was arm'd in vain.  
Let Leonidas say, let Mantinea tell,  
How great Eretrianas fought and fell!

Now war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame,  
But mild philosophy endeav'd thy name.  
Who knew not, seen not with admiring eye,  
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

To beth the arch, to bid the column rise,  
And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies,  
The awful scene magnificently great;  
With pictur'd pomp to grace, and sculptur'd state.

This science taught, on Greece each science  
shone,  
Here the bold statue started from the stone;  
Here warm with life the swelling canvas glow'd;  
Here big with thought the poet's raptures flow'd;  
Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,  
And wanton Sappho tun'd her amorous lyre;  
Here bold Tyrtæus rous'd the encrav'd throng,  
Awak'd to glory by th' inspiring song;  
Here, Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier way,  
And brave Alceas scorn'd a tyrant's sway;  
Here gorgeous tragedy with great control,  
Touch'd every feeling of th' impassion'd soul;  
While in soft measure tripping to the song  
Her comic sister lightly danc'd along.

This was thy state! but, oh! how chang'd thy  
fame,  
And all thy glories fading into shame!

What! that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing  
land  
Should crrouch beneath a tyrant's stern com-  
mand!

That servitude should bind in galling chain,  
Whom Asia's millions once oppos'd in vain;  
Who could have thought? who sees without a  
groan,  
Thy cities moulder'd, and thy walls o'erthrown.  
That where once tower'd the stately solomian,  
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravaged plain,  
And unobserv'd by the traveller's eye,  
Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,  
And the fall'n column on the dusty ground,  
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

They seem (such change!) in abject bondage sigh;  
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die.

Groan at the gibbous of the galling earth,  
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.

The glittering canopy of Othman's sons,  
The pomp of heroes which surrounds their  
thrones,

Has evict their heroic spirits into fear,  
Spart'd by the foot they tremble and rever.

The day of labour! night's and sleepless hour,  
The inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,

The bloody torto's of the pointed steel,  
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,

And (dreadful shades) the bewailing of the bony,  
Downs their faint visage, and unman the soul.

Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,  
Still resolution propels the mournful sigh;  
When to the mind recur thy former fame,  
And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So stand tall rock, whose bare, broad bosom  
high,

Towers from the earth, and braves th' inclem'nt  
sky;

On which year, o'er the ocean thy wings may  
At whose wide bays the thundering ocean roars?

In consol'd pride its huge gigantic form  
Surveys imperious and deems the storm.

Fill worn by age, and mould'ring to decay,  
The incisive waters wash its base away,  
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,  
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

The next is part of a very playful article, which part we shall designate a

#### LICENSED WAREHOUSE FOR WIT.

"I PROPOSE, if I meet with proper encouragement, making application to Parliament for permission to open 'A Licensed Warehouse for Wit,' and for a patent, entitling me to the sole vending and uttering wares of this kind, for a certain term of years. For this purpose, I have already laid in *Jokes, Jests, Witticisms, Morceus, and Bon-Mots* of every kind, to a very considerable amount, well worthy the attention of the public. I have *Epi-grams* that want nothing but the sting; *Conundrums*, that need nothing but an explanation; *Robusts* and *Acrostics*, that will be complete with the addition of the name only. These being in great request may be had at an hour's warning. *Impromptus* will be got ready at a week's notice. For common and versatile use, I have a long list of the most palpable *Puns* in the language, digested in alphabetical order; for these, I expect good sale at both the universities. *Jokes* of all kinds, ready *cut* and *dry*.

"N. B. Proper allowance made to gentlemen of the law going on circuit; and to all second-hand vendors of wit and retailers of repartee, who take large quantities.

"N. B. *Attic Salt* in any quantities.

"N. B. Most money for old *Jokes*."

But, perhaps, the cleverest of Mr. Canning's Essays is No. 2 of the *Microcosm*. It is directed against the vice of swearing, and has for its motto,

*Suru—et fallere Numinis.  
To swear and forswear.*

Nothing can be happier than the irony with which he attacks this contemptible practice. We have only room for a short extract.

"I remember to have heard of a person of great talents for inquiry, who, to inform himself whether the land or the water bore the greater proportion in the globe, contriv'd to cut out, with extreme nicety, from a map, the different portions of each, and by weighing them together, decided it, in favour of which it is not now material:—Could this experiment be made with regard to the proportion which could bear to the rest of our modern conversation. Town I am not without my suspicion, that the former would in some cases preponderate; may, certain I am, that these harmless expletives constitute considerably the weightiest part in the discourse of those, who, either by their

own ignorant vanity, or the contemptuous mock-admiration of others, have been dignified with the title of *BUCKS*. And this indeed, as well in that smaller circle which falls more immediately under my observation, as in the more enlarged society of 'men'; among whom, to a *BUCK* who has the honour to serve his majesty, a habit of swearing is an appendage as absolutely essential as a cockade or a commission: and many a one there is among this order, who will sit down with equal ardour and self-complacency, to devise the *est* of a *cont* or the *form* of an *examination*.

" Nay, even the *female* sex have, to their no small credit, caught the *happy* contagion; and there is scarce a master's wife in the kingdom, but has her innocent unmeaning imprecations, her little oaths 'softened into nonsense,' and with squeaking tinkle, mincing blasphemy into *oddbuttions*, *slatternings*, and suchlike, will 'smear you like a sucking dove, ay, an it sears any nightingale.'

" That it is one of the accomplishments of *deceit*, it is more than sufficiently obvious, when *deceit* is *once* *once*, though he be but five years old, that does not lip out this oath, he has heard drop from the mouths of his elders: while the happy parent congratulates himself on the early improvement of his offspring, and smiles, to discern the promising seeds of manly wit in the sprightly salutes of punsile excretion. On which topic I remember to have known an honest Hibernian divine, whose zeal for morality would sometimes hung him a little beyond the limits of good grammar, or good sense, in the height of declamation, declare, that ' the little children, that could neither speak, nor walk, run about the streets blaspheming.'

" Thus then, through all ranks and stages of life, is swearing the very hinge of conversation! It is the conclusive supplement to argument, the apology for wit, the universal medium through which every thought is conveyed; and as to the violent passions, it is, (to use the words of the poet,) ' the very wisdom of the mind,' and is equally serviceable in banishing forth the sensations of anger or kindness, rage or fear; the emotion of extravagant delight, or the agitations of comfortless despair. What mortal among us, is there, that, when any misfortune comes on him unawares, does not find himself wonderfully lightened of the load of his sorrow, by passing over the abundance of his vexation in showers of oaths on the author of his misery? What master, who has reduced himself from excellence to baseness, by the intemperate in-

dulgence of a mad infatuation, does not, after sitting down and venting his execrations for half an hour against his ill fortune and his folly, get up again greatly relieved by so happy an expedient?"

After ridiculing this too prevalent practice, he recommends that some adept should teach it for the benefit of others, and after un-Englishing his name, get an advertisement drawn up, professing that

" Having added to the early advantages of a Billinggate education, the deepest researches, and most indefatigable industry, &c. &c. he now stands forth as an apt and accomplished teacher of the never-to-be-sufficiently extolled, the all-expressive, all-comprehensive, &c. &c. *Art of Swearing*. Ladies and gentlemen instructed in the most fashionable and elegant oaths: the most peculiarly adapted to their several ages, manners, and professions, &c. &c. &c."

#### ANSWERS

*To the Riddle, Characters, and Conundrums, in our last.*

1. A picture.
2. The letter A is always found  
In air and earth and sea,  
Though it never ventures on the ground,  
Nor rests in you and me.
3. An earthquake.

#### CHARADES.

1. Pleasure.
2. Water-wag-tail.
3. Coddling.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he is a bit of a buck.
2. They are stationary.
3. Music.
4. The letter I.
5. Because there is not a single person in it.
6. On the head.
7. That which evers it.
8. Because he is easily made a fool of.
9. Because it is a bad habit.
10. His will.
11. In the dark.
12. Because it is the shortest month.

*To CORRESPONDENTS.*  
*Gwilim Seir's Cambrian Works, &c. M. Cherry, P. T. W., &c. Clavie, T. M. N. G., The Gorgy Bandit, a Danish Translation; and Worcester, in our next.*

*The favours of *Amicus*, E. G. W., W. A. P., *Hypocondriacus*, *Angusius*, F. G., W. W. G., J. S., are intended for next week.*  
*Diabetes, Gout, Consumption, Disease of Liver, &c. are indefinitely.*

*An Amotis' Note* is intended, that appears views will be very acceptable; and any prints or drawings transmitted to the office will be duly returned if requested. A description of the subject, or a reference where it is to be found, is sent with it. The donor will be informed.

*A Publisher* is informed, that we have not seen the work from which he wishes to transcribe extracts.

*Several Letters* from *W. W. G.* and *W. G.* under consideration.

*Reviews*—*P. G.* and *I.* have been obtained; for *W. G.* and *W. W. G.* to be inserted; for *W. G.* and *W. W. G.* to be inserted; for *W. G.* and *W. W. G.* to be inserted; for *W. G.* and *W. W. G.* to be inserted.

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THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

